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Cloyd Head

THE GERMAN EMPIRE—BISMARCK,
VON MOLTKE

*Night, like a tempest, rends the will of earth,
Braced to a knowledge of the hate ordained
Before new brotherhood.*

Welded by iron, a shackled nation, taught
The consciousness of power without freedom;
Deformed at birth, bidden to strike, enslave,
Forge chain to chain, riveting life to darkness.

Prussia!

We could not know—
Faith waits its proof, confirmed only by blood—
How deep the source, ingenerate the need
That seeks its first growth in democracy:
Not till you struck—
A hand menacing all that there was yet to gain
And all that had been gained.

"I will not fight against the youth of Germany."

Our battle is not won, yet will be won;
Not a defeat of men, but of a wrong.
Can they not hear?
Youth cries to youth, above the clash of war:

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The old shall yield before the dream we dream.
Re-find the honor of the Fatherland!

Help us that there may rise
Out of the darkness—Peace with victory!

EPILOGUE

When all is done,
The faith unshaken;
When peace has come,
The well-gained peace:
When comes that day—
The living, lest they may forget too soon,
Shall know we fought against the bondage of our souls.
We fought as one by one,
So suffered we,
And found beneath the larger cause our own,
The unguessed depth and height . . .
Under the stars, under the sky and night,
We descried a vision of what things were true.

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Backward the surge: time and the day regain
Their mastery. Yet something will remain
Of vision and the quest—the unceasing quest
Toward light, and toward the spirit that creates,
Effacing war.

Cloyd Head